



The Last Human Sacrifice.
A Maui Man's Predicament.
Political Pigs and Joy Rides.
Passing of the Big Plungers.

There are hundreds and hundreds of Honolulu kamaeas who have never taken the trouble to pass through the doors of the Bishop Museum, in the grounds of the Kamehameha school for boys, although that museum possesses numerous unique and valuable relics of Hawaii, rooms full of rare objects gathered from all over Polynesia, beautiful things, rare things and curious things, not to speak of the things that give you the shudders, like the "long pig" tray, still greasy with the fat of a cannibal feast, and the spear with a loop on the end, the loop to drop over an enemy's head and to jerk him back upon the fire-hardened point of your weapon. People who live in Honolulu and have the least interest at all in the past history of the Islands are missing much if they do not go to the museum, not for a cursory half-hour of surface observation, but frequently enough and for visits long enough to soak in a little of the atmosphere of the place and give imagination a fair chance.

If possible, get Professor Brigham to show you around a bit. If you evince the proper degree of interest in the exhibits he will evince some interest in you, and then you are lucky, because what this veteran scientist tells about many of the things on view is full of "human interest" and rigid science goes away back and sits down while he lets reminiscence, mythology and—I have suspected—fancy give aid to his explanations. But, let me give you a warning hint: do not try to snitch off a label for a souvenir, or yawn in a bored way, or make any particularly foolish comments. Professor Brigham has his off moments, you should know, when any one of the grinning idols in the collection is preferable as a pleasant companion.

Professor Brigham has a number of good stories to tell—how he announced that he was going to enter a praying-to-death contest with a famous kahuna and how the kahuna crawled off and died, which makes him chary of such contests now; how Princess Ruth stopped the lava from covering up Hilo; how a kahuna was sacrificing a bottle of Palm Tree and a lei of awa root to the last wooden idol in Honolulu, not so very long ago, and dropped dead during the invocation, whereupon his fellow worshippers gathered up the sacrifice and hustled it to the museum in order to save themselves from the further wrath of an offended diety, but his prize story, to my way of thinking, is that which describes the dedication of the miniature heiau at the museum, in the course of which was offered up to the ancient gods the last human sacrifice in Hawaii.

"This heiau, or heathen temple, is modeled after one of the greatest of ancient temples," says the Professor, drawing your attention to the great glass case enclosing what looks like a small section of Beretania avenue after a two days' bout with the rainy season, "and the stones used in building it were brought to the museum from a regularly dedicated heiau. We had a young Hawaiian boy helping us when we built this model, and all the time we were at work on it, cementing the lava into walls and floor and sacrificial altar and getting the idols set up where they should go, he kept telling me that there would surely be pikika for some of us, who were thus desecrating a place of the gods and making a mock of the angry ones. 'Anyhow,' he said, 'this won't be a real heiau, because before it can be one the gods will want a human sacrifice.'"

"Of course, we laughed at him, but at last he got annoying with his predictions of pikika, so I sent him off to help the men who were putting on the leads on the roof, because the wing this heiau is in was only just being completed. The plateglass skylight, three stories up above the case over the heiau, was in place and the men were working around it.

"The young Hawaiian was mad at having to work on the roof instead of under it and when he went home he had a row with his old mother, something of a kahuna herself. Finally he slapped her across the face and then she turned upon him, cursing him in the name of the ancient gods and praying that the gods might properly punish him. So he told the men on the roof the next morning, being visibly alarmed. He had no sooner finished telling them when, with a look of horror upon his face, he began to walk backwards on the roof, with hands outstretched, as if to ward off something most dreadful. Back, back he shrank until his foot caught upon the coping of the skylight. Then, with a shriek that was heard all over the building, he crashed through the skylight, down through the heavy plateglass of this case and smash upon the lava floor of the heiau here. By the time I could reach him he was dead, his throat cut from ear to ear by the glass, but in exactly the fashion of the human sacrifices of old, and his head lay across the sacrificial altar, down which his blood had drained.

"The human sacrifice had been offered up; the gods were appeased and this heiau you see is a sacred spot to all those in Hawaii who still retain a lingering of the superstitions of only three generations ago."

Then, if you are unwise, you will say: "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio," and Professor Brigham will leave you in disgust, because that's what everyone says to whom he tells the story.

Now that a certain sugar magnate of Maui, whose home is far enough above sea level to be cooler than Honolulu, is telling it on himself, I see no reason why I should not relate a little incident that took place during the recent session of the sugar planters' association. It happened at the Alexander Young, the scene of so many things that are worth telling.

The Maui sugar man, tired with the earnest discussion of pests for cane borers and the proper percentage of saccharine in an Old Fashioned, sought his downy couch, but found the atmosphere of Honolulu too warm for comfort. He threw his pajamas into a corner, but still it was hot, and, most annoying of all, the hall light persisted in shining in through the transom and driving good sleep away from tired and heavy eyelids. Finally he could stand it no longer and he walked to the door, peeped out into the hallway, and, seeing no one and hearing no one stirring, made a quick sneak to the offending light and turned it out.

Just then, to his horror, slam went his bedroom door and there he was, locked out in the public hallway and not even an excuse to cover his nakedness. Wildly he tried the doorknob, but the patent fastening held. He tried to pull himself up in order to scramble through the transom, but just as he jumped he heard the elevator bell buzz. Like a flash he took refuge in the bathroom and waited for the footsteps to pass. Not a towel, even, in sight.

He lay down in the porcelain bath and tried to forget it all, but of a sudden the heat that had bothered him before and had been his undoing turned to a chilliness that made the enamel unbearable. To make it worse, he touched the shower tap in his twistings and then couldn't find it fast enough to turn it off. By the shades of Haleakala, it was awful!

Finally he thought of a friend with a room on the same floor. Dripping with shower water and cold sweat he made the hallway once more and then pounded frantically upon the panels behind which lay safety, pajamas and a warm bed. This time luck was with him and his heart-spasm when he suddenly thought that perhaps this wasn't his friend's room after all, was unnecessary.

After this, says the report from Maui, this sugar baron will never, never go into a strange hall without something in addition to his modesty for a shelter.

For the use of his automobile in carrying a sacrificial pig to a luau, one chauffeur is demanding pay from the Republican County Committee, while another has a bill, also unpaid, for conveying firewood and stones for the

Small Talks

SANTA CLAUS.—One at a time, please!

GOVERNOR FREAR.—No, my mission to Midway Island is not an official one of investigation.

TROOPER BAUERSOCK.—Eddie Madison is a nifty little parlor boxer but he couldn't break an egg with either hand.

HARRY MURRAY.—The meanest thing they ever did to us was to hang that \$33,000 up in the air just when we had only one month to clean up our work.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BRECKONS.—From present indications I will be but an innocent bystander when the cornerstone of the federal building is laid.

W. D. ADAMS.—With the shining comets of the musical world who are headed my way, I'll begin to feel like an impresario and open an annex to keep my hat in.

SECRETARY MOTT-SMITH.—Am I going to officiate as acting governor? I refuse to commit myself. I have troubles of my own, including five hundred more Japanese birth certificates to sign.

GOVERNOR FREAR.—I am signing several pardons and commutations of sentence which Secretary Mott-Smith will give out the day before Christmas and not sooner, for I intend them as real Christmas presents.

SHERIFF JARRETT.—There was nothing to all the excitement over the people who were to go back from the steamer Nippon Maru. It was only a Japanese woman whose husband in San Francisco wanted her to return.

E. A. BEERNDT.—We have done better this season than at any previous season in our history and believe that other merchants have had the same experience. I wonder where are those glooms that they said were with us?

MANAGER J. H. HERTSCHE.—We had hoped to open our new office lobby by Christmas time, but it may be a little later. The new office will be as handsome as any on the Pacific Coast. We are keeping abreast of the times all the time.

ALBERT WATERHOUSE.—A booster luncheon at the Commercial Club to arouse more of a "Honolulu spirit" in the promotion of Hawaii abroad, is just the one thing needed here. The Commercial Club stands for progress and promotion efforts.

C. A. PEACOCK.—Anyone who lived in Leadville, Colorado, in the latter part of the seventies, got acquainted with one of the liveliest towns that ever sprang up in a mining district. It was a rip-roaring mining camp in those days, and shootings were frequent.

JOHN M. MARTIN.—I went to the meeting of the liquor license commissioners on Friday and heard the saloonkeepers discuss the "dago red" proposition. I came away from that meeting convinced that the "dago red" matter has resolved itself into a fight between the haole dealers and the Japanese dealers as to which can sell the most, and the public be damned.

ima in his \$2000 machine. All pigs looked alike to the chauffeur as long as he was paid for carrying them, but the daily battering at the door of a treasury which refuses to open and reward him for his unparalleled feat of holding a squealing porker with one hand, and driving with the other, has injured his feelings as well as his knuckles and he is now sorry that he did not eat the pig himself.

It appears that the luau in question was given in a certain precinct of the Fourth District. The soda pop and poi had been secured and the speakers were present but the absence of pig peeved the voters who spoke slurringly of the G. O. P. and began to drift toward a Democratic rally a few blocks away, carrying poi and bowls of poi with them.

The manager of the show appealed to headquarterers in his extremity and was directed to get a pig without delay and "raus. mit" the expense. He obeyed orders and sent one big touring car after pig and another after firewood and stones.

The voters got their pig but the chauffeurs haven't got their money. Meanwhile the men who are now called upon to make good the deficit are wondering how many porcine joy rides they are being asked to pay for.

With the conclusion of the present Spreckels case in the circuit court and the possible distribution and sale of the Honolulu properties originally owned by the late Claus Spreckels, known everywhere as the "sugar king," the name of Spreckels will gradually vanish from the Islands.

There was a time when that name was as powerful and as influential here as that of the crowned ruler. But the Sugar King was provoked one time, when his will was opposed by many of the residents, and a bold sign on his front gate notified him that "Lead is cheaper than Silver," so, packing his trunk, locking up his big house at Punahou, leaving clothing in the closets and the dinner table still laid for service, he left for the mainland vowing never to return and prophesying that the grass would grow in the streets of Honolulu.

He did come back, an old man, a few years ago. The grass has never grown in Honolulu's streets, but his house has remained locked and undisturbed, until just lately.

His interests in the firm of Irwin & Co. were long ago disposed of, and only valuable business section properties remain of all his former vast estate. It is these properties which the heirs are seeking to have adjusted for distribution.

It is much the same with William G. Irwin, Spreckels' former partner here. Mr. Irwin's millions were given their start here, just as Spreckels' were, but with advancing years, he, too, has gradually withdrawn from activity in business in the Islands and his holdings in the various plantations have been absorbed by Brewer & Co., just as his old firm was. He yet holds a big block of stock in Brewer & Co., and clips the dividend coupons and has the land where the federal building may yet stand, but that is about all.

The Chrysanthemum

When 130,000 people throng to see a chrysanthemum show in New York the popular vogue of the flower must be regarded as pretty conclusively established, says the World of that city. That is about as many persons as constitute the "capacity audiences" at the theaters on holidays, and the fact bears witness to the place chrysanthemum exhibitions now hold as fixed events in the fall calendar equally with football, the opera and the horse show. At the present rate of development of popular interest in it the chrysanthemum bids fair to become our national flower, as it is Japan's.

It is something more than a century since the flower of Chinese extraction with a Greek name made its way into Europe. The first English exhibition of chrysanthemums was held about ninety years ago, and the current exhibition of the American Institute in this city is its eighty-first. Most of the development of the chrysanthemum under civilization has taken place in the last quarter of a century, and the result, as observed in the infinity of varieties, ranging from the tiny poms to the mammoth plants too large to enter a hotel's doors, is a wonder story of floriculture.

The chrysanthemum is no longer a "gold flower" only, but one reflecting every hue of the spectrum. Its hardiness and decorative uses have doubtless enhanced its popularity. Possibly "Mme. Chrysanthemum" added a sentimental touch of interest to it. But behind its vogue in this country and most suggestive of all the circumstances having to do with its popular appeal is the confirmation the attendance at chrysanthemum shows gives of the spread of a true aesthetic sense in a city where as many of the population go to see chrysanthemums as a world's baseball series.

NOT A QUEEN.

"Wombat says he got his dining-room set with 5000 coupons, and his parlor set for 4000 more."

"Have you seen his wife?"

"No."

"She looks like he might have gotten her for about fifteen coupons."

Kansas City Journal.

FROM THE STORE.

The Doctor.—But, my dear sir, you must masticate your food. What were your teeth given you for?

The Sufferer (calmly).—They weren't given me; I bought 'em.—Sketch.

SAN FRANCISCO BILLBOARD LAW

Measure Checks Activity of City Spoilers and Provides a Good Revenue.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 2.—The ordinance regulating the height and construction of billboards was approved yesterday by the public welfare committee of the supervisors and will be presented to the board tomorrow for passage. The committee has decided on an annual license charge of half a cent per square foot, which must be paid not only for billboards on the ground, but also for signs on roofs and sides of buildings and other elevations. The provisions regarding this yearly tax, which is to be paid in quarterly instalments, are to be set forth in a separate ordinance, which also will be introduced tomorrow by the committee.

The billboard ordinance is lengthy. It states that "no billboard or other board, fence, sign or structure erected for advertising purposes, or upon which any advertisement is shown, painted or displayed, shall be erected or maintained exceeding in height ten feet from the lower to the upper edge."

Special Permits Also.

Special permits for billboards up to the maximum limit of twenty feet in height may be granted by the board of supervisors, however, on written application being made, if they can be erected and maintained at that height without danger to the public health or safety at the location specified in the application. All such special permits can be revoked by the supervisors when it appears that the billboards have become dangerous to the public health or safety, and these signs must then be reduced without delay to a height of ten feet.

Other provisions of the ordinance are as follows:

All billboards shall be constructed so as to leave a clear space of at least eighteen inches between the lower edge and the surface of the ground. All billboards must be erected on straight lines and on lines parallel with the nearest street on which they face. Their surface shall be of fireproof non-combustible materials within the fire limits, and either of such materials or of wood at least one inch thick outside the fire limits. A description of how they must be constructed so as to make them secure is given.

"Scattering" Is Prohibited.

Other regulations are to the following effect: No paper, cloth or advertising matter shall be permitted to hang loose from any billboard, but shall be securely fastened or glued. All billboards on street lines or within three feet therefrom shall have a smooth surface and no nails, tacks or wires shall protrude. Pasting, painting, nailing or otherwise fastening handbills, signs, posters, advertisements or notices on any curbstones, lamp-post, pole, hitching post, watering trough, hydrant, bridge or tree on a public street or public property is prohibited, but an exception is made as to public officers in the performance of their duties. A similar provision as to putting advertisements on any property of the city and county is set forth in the ordinance. The placing of any kind of advertising matter on private property without the consent of the owner, holder, lessee, agent or trustee is prohibited in a separate section.

Another section reads: "No person, firm or corporation shall scatter, daub or leave any paint, paste, glue or other substance used for painting or affixing advertisement matter upon any public street or sidewalk, or scatter or throw or permit to be scattered or thrown any bills, waste matter, paper, cloth or materials of whatsoever kind removed from billboards or other boards mentioned in this ordinance on any public street or on private property."

Permits Are Required.

The ordinance does not apply to real estate signs not exceeding twenty square feet in size or to electric signs, transparencies, sign devices, bulletin boards and clocks, which are described and regulated in ordinance 1009, new series, approved December 28, 1909.

Building permits for the erection of all billboards and other signboards covered by the ordinance must be obtained from the board of public works. For each building permit one dollar must be paid, and no permit shall be assignable. On the top of each billboard the name of the person, firm or corporation owning or in possession of it must be painted, and the name of the person, firm or corporation must be shown on the outside of any wagon or vehicle used by him or it. The name must also be on the metal badge or shield to be worn by every employee of the person, firm or corporation while employed in posting bills or painting signs or bulletins.

Billboards now erected which do not conform to the provisions of the ordinance at the time it goes into effect must be made to conform thereto by July 1, 1913. The penalty for violation of the ordinance is to be a fine not exceeding \$500 or imprisonment not exceeding six months, or both fine and imprisonment.

TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS REFUSED FOR A CAT

NEW YORK, December 9.—Two thousand dollars, the highest known offer for a cat, was made at the show of the Cat Fanciers' Club in the New Grand Central Palace for Bungalow Tip Top, which won the special prize for the best cat in the show and also the special for the best long-haired male cat. The offer was refused.

Bungalow Tip Top is owned by Mrs. Chester W. Chapin, wife of the president of the New England Short Line Railroad, who paid \$750 for him after he had won at the Boston show last January. He is Canadian born and will be two years old on May 23, 1913. His sire was Guns William and his dam Champion Teaby Belle.

The Matsen Navigation Company's steamer Enterprise, which has been laid up at San Francisco for overhauling was reported yesterday to have left that port on her regular run to Hilo. The Kahuku wireless station was in service last night with the Nippon Maru and the Sierra.

SECRET SERVICE MEN GUESS

Wondering What Stunts the New President Will Set for His Guardians.

WASHINGTON, December 4.—Quite a bevy of gentlemen in official life in Washington are just now conducting an investigation into the habits of Woodrow Wilson, president-elect of the United States. Every time the free and untrammelled voters of this great country decide on new chief executive, this same investigation swings into being. For some eleven years past these habits have been at little and migratory. For the next few years, at least, there is a faint suspicion that the Greek root and the secret ethics and economical government will displace the gutta serena golf ball, as the now cobwebbed hiking shoes and tennis racket.

While, of course, the whole world knows that in this, the most democratic of the world's great capitals, there is none of that hypocritical fawning the distinguishes other governmental centers still there is one little group of persons who have naturally got to study the president's likes and dislikes and know how to manipulate him.

Therefore these judicious persons at present rehearsing their school days knowledge of text book things and spending the rest of their spare time purchasing old things that the president-elect has dashed off on the general proposition of running a complicated government. Many midnight lamps are burning these days, the meter clicking away to the murmur of a weary voice droning out printed panaceas for all economic ills, as panacea or a certain illustrious man who has at present the majority in the electoral college.

When Teddy Was It.

Some eleven years ago these same gentlemen, or rather many more of them were eking out the mysteries of the sole plexus blow, or the Frank Gotch toe hold in between moments, practicing Edward Payson Watson hikes, or trying to use tennis racket as a weapon, not an ornament for the den.

For seven long years, when the opportunity offered, they walked blisters on their feet, breathed tennis court grit and braved young hurricanes, seeking the great out-of-doors.

Then came the calm. Four years ago this coming fourth day of March there was a sudden drop in the tennis racket and walking shoe market of Washington. Repenting shrewdness and histories of the world's wild animals moldered on the shopkeepers' shelves.

Experts who had kept for years over their abused and disused drivers, worked up and raised their price for golfing lessons. The Chevy Chase golf course, after years as an exponent of the deserted village, awakened as the gilded spot of Washington's universe. Certain ladies and gentlemen who had previously spent their afternoons sauntering over the hill and crags the District of Columbia at fairs, suddenly discovered that it was absolutely necessary that they watch the sun go down on the Chevy Chase golf links.

The President's Guards.

There are at least three men in Washington, however, whose reversal of habit with each president is involuntary and indiscreet. Diogenes himself could find no more honest men. They are the three secret service operatives in whom the safety of the president rests.

These men are not just regular police men in plain clothes. Far from it. They are dressed in the wool secret service men so well disguised as ordinary human beings that no one could possibly guess their occupations, even if he were a mind reader. They were chosen from the Federal Secret Service Bureau for three reasons: Their bravery, their appearance and their ability to shoot straight and fast.

All three are college men; one was educated as a lawyer and another as a civil engineer. Except when the President is asleep they are never far from his side. Does he walk, they walk; does he golf, they are near him; does he travel, they travel; does he meet his cabinet behind closed doors while he settles a grave matter of state, they are right outside the door.

This trio went bear and possum hunting with Colonel Roosevelt when he was president; they lolled about the court while he played tennis; they struggled along through mire and rain when he took one of his 20-mile hikes across country, and they formed part of the audience and proud reception committee every time he made a speech.

Studying With Boss.

They did the same with President Taft, only not so much so. Mainly Taft has taken them a journeying. The present President, who has been the country's greatest traveler, never essayed any great hikes. Placid little strolls are his best essay in that direction.

So, along with the other gentlemen, who for polite reasons like to have their minds bumping along in the same groove as the reigning chief executive, three versatile "S. S. boys" are anxiously awaiting first word on just what the president-elect's recreations are.

They've heard all about his serious and studious attitude, and they are foreseeing many quiet winter evenings with the classics, or with some interesting little time on the Renaissance of Umptehal, while they dream of those long-gone militant days, when the howl of the bear dog, the swish of mud against the "strenuous one's" boots and the cry of the triumphant golf player filled the quiet air.

SOMETHING DEFENDABLE

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. For sale by Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.—Advertisement.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. R. S. MEDICINE CO., St. Louis.